

BINGANG

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Jan., Feb., March



See "Harmony For Three"

THE CLUB CROSBY

NORTH VASSALBORO, MAINE

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UHPENNING "HYAH"

Dear Lynne:

We receive many letters from members of various clubs, stating that BINGANG is the "dernier cri." This is not swearing, just a compliment to Cel and Lynne.

Our next effort will be "Harmony for Three" at Paramount, to start in two weeks. (That would be about March 12th, counting up from the date on Bing's letter.) Johnny Burke and Jimmy Monaco are again writing the songs. Here's an advance on some of the titles—"I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams" and "Laugh and Call It Love."

"Doctor Rhythm" is due out any day. I like the songs, but can't tell about the picture until they finish it. We made eighty thousand feet of film which is to be cut to eight thousand for proper length.

Best to all the "Gang."

Sincerely,

Bing.

Dear Celia:

We are very pleased with the current issue of "Bingang."

Bing's next picture will not start until March and is as yet untitled, although they are calling it "Harmony for Three" temporarily. Johnny Burke and Jimmy Monaco are writing the music.

Best wishes,

Larry.

MIGHTY LACKEY ROSE, or, GUNGA DIN-NER AT ATE

Adolphe, wipe the Spilladelphia Cram Chiz from your pan, and give it to me—no, not your pan, not the chiz, but that piece—hey, wait a jiff, we started out like this before. Well, anyway, the letter is from Crippin' Rhythm Cel, who got that way from gyrations to the chune of Goodman every Chuesday. Thee-theelya is very hard to incelt.

We find Hollywood more or less "Love on a Suestring" during this early Spring: we hope unguents (ladies ungentlemen?) and balms have been found to unguentine and balmantine (also, Ach Du Lieber Augustine) the various Hurt Ones.

Granpaw Snazzy seems to be layin' eggs these days, and we all beaucoup howl because The Boss doesn't sing enough of a Thursday night. Bazz Rathbone and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have become radio stars: in addition to Basil's exquisite rendition of "Hyah, Bing" and "Endymion" on Christmas Eve, he did a whimsically effective interpretation on the radio show of Leslie Howard's part in "It's Love I'm After," "Enter, Madame," and "otherings." Nelson is on his concert tour as so many tenderly cherished programmes (and thrilled Loretos) will indicate. Marie Wilson has the lead in "Boy Meets Girl," and we've always meant it when we said, "Stardom Meets Marie." Good luck, "Chotsie."

Bing's Christmas Carols made us wish he'd record them for poichizzing. Speaking of records, if any of you know where extra copies of Bing's "Starlight" can be had, get in touch with Larry Crosby, please???

One more thing: who's your favorite Music Hall guest among the Hollywood stars? If you wish to, write Lynne and vote unofficially, although if the response warrants it, the selections will be tabulated and published in a forthcoming "Bingang." C'mon, kids, for which the two nuts who shell (out) as one, thank you.

Cel-Lynne Wax.

One Minute Drayma, by George Tallerday, the Only Dramatisk-tisk Since Shookspir.

What to do! Where to turn! On the one hand, her irate father. (Musta been something I-rate!) On the other, a ring . . . a plain gold ring it was, Stranger, not your fancy, hi-falutin' platinum. A ring her mother wore well onto nigh six months ago. Where to turn! Behind her lay the Monday's wash, before her, the gates of er—Hercules. Suddenly, she threw back her head and caught it—I mean, she inhaled deeply. The warm smell from the pickle works heartened her as she peered through the smoke above her. Then came the answer like a majestic rolling of chariot wheels across a tempestuous sky, riding down everything in its kingliness. There was no question now . . . now she knew! Behind her, her father spewed out his teeth with a clatter. She ran down the road, and turned Christian.

GOLFERS GATHER

Here's some more or less recent stuff on the Crosby barbecue-picnic and golfing society's get-together. It seems that hawf the retinue tried for the \$3,000 prize money and the other half stuck around the refreshment stand. (Cel?)

Last winter it rained so hard it nearly washed the visitors into permanent abode there, what with bridges down. By far the best rounds of that entire affair were played in Del Mar's rambling hotel by the sea, which wasn't much wetter than the lawn in front of the place.

Originally it was planned to hold entries down to 150 this year. But so many wanted to get in, that Crosby had to pull names out of a hat.

Bing's hats invariably seem to come with funny feather creations in the bands, and are not to be compared with the golfers selected therefrom.

In the one day permitted for the tournament last year, Sam Snead shot a 68 and took first money. He's back, hoping to repeat. If not, there's always the barbecue. (And barring the barbecue, there's still the Club Crosby, four bits a year, rain or shine, F.O.B.)

ON EMOTIONAL POISE

One is not emotionally well-developed if he:

Does a lot of dreaming, but makes no effort to make dreams come true.

Cannot stand criticism without great suffering.

Often feels very miserable.

Is easily discouraged when the opinions of others differ from his.

Keeps on worrying about imaginary mistakes he has made.

Lacks self-confidence.

Is gratified by admiration more than by achievement.

Resents domination.

Greatly dislikes being told how to do things.

Tries to cover up an inner fear by acting like a bully.

Lets the worst in others bring out the worst in him.

Thinks others are constantly scrutinizing his behavior.

Don't burn your bridges before you have locked your garage in your car, as there is many a slip between a stress in time and a wrench and a grease cup, or a penny saved means a trained man wins. Why? (This for any of the masculine members who may know a thing or two about technical schools.)

HANDS COLD . . . TONGUE TIED

I've written other stars to say,
That in their own mischievous way,
They'd churned up chaos in my heart,
That, for the moment, set them apart.

I've written other stars to say
That should their twinkle go astray,
To sigh not for capricious fame—
I'd still find magic in their name.

And it never to myself occurred
To have me doubt my honest word—
For, racing home from their latest show,
Behold the rapture—and the glow!

I write some special stars to say,
I thoroughly liked their latest play.
Which is like murmuring, "Water's wet—"
Think of the details you forget!

ETIQUETTE ON RADIO NIGHT

Since Emily Post has decreed that we may rest our elbows on the table, my worries in that connection are over. But I have others. I wish somebody would tell me the Correct Deportment for Radio Use. Thursday nights especially, when we have such distinguished guests in the house I'd like to be proper, if possible. That is the one evening I really relax-up. Off come the no-way stretch shoes (that's for unconfined Snooks laffs) and down come the procurls (just taking my back hair down) and then, I am all set. As the performance is continuous from 8-11, I usually flop on the floor with the papers spread all around me. And that is what worries me. Is it wrong for one to read a little Damon Runyan on the side while the divas are diving, or to work on a Winchell colm if Granpaw doesn't happen to be very snazzy? Should one stand absolutely at attention while one's best-beloved Rudy croons, or one's most-beloved Bob (of the Brughs) Armands a bit, or one's ever-lovin' Bing gives the gang the round station-house haircut? What is considered polite in the Best Circles? I wouldn't want the esoteric eighteen to see me in my disheveled dishabille. Should one treat one's radio as a man-to-man proposition? I know one girl who takes hers to bed with her on Thursday nights. What with the MCs mentioned, she really has something there. (Static). But what is it? There, my fine feathered Godfrey friends, is another situation on which I could stand a little Emily Posting. Won't someone give me the lowdown on this delicate

dilemma?—Anxious.

Well, Anxious, and you sound like Lelia Hoffman, we're turning the sitchashun over to Bing, seein' as he's always posted—with his horses. I listen to a Symphonic pro from Vallee to Crosby. It furnishes exaltation: thus, ex-salt and pepper with Kraft.

CROSBY CONSIDERED TYPICAL AMERICAN

(From N. Y. Journal-American)

Bing Crosby's consistently progressive course to his current eminence in the estimation of hearers is one of the grand stories of the year which just faded. He could well be considered the typical American, still young, yet the father of four boys, singing his way honestly through life and brightening the way of others with his affable, smiling, melodious voice which radiates friendliness in the loudspeaker.

He takes an opera star or concert virtuoso apart and then builds him or her into a friendly personality, no longer the person apart, but just one of us. And the celebrities of the opera and concert adore him, even when he asks Miss Rose "Battling" Bampton to "swing out" and Toscha Seidel to "haul that bow of yours across the strings."

Bob Burns gives us the lowdown on Crosby.

"Why the guy will never change—he couldn't change, he's just Bing, good old Bing, all the time."

When Bing's Alma Mammy, Gonzaga University, needed funds, Bing took his troupe to Spokane and raised the required dough. When his old pal, Paul Whiteman, started a new radio program, Bing was there to sing him off to a grand start.

And every Thursday, when he arrives at the studio wearing a cap, he always stops and chats with the gang, remaining just a little longer with two of his most loyal admirers, twin girls in their early 'teens.

Many of our classically minded people think it sacrilege the way Bing tosses around his famous guests in the Music Hall. Here is a story to answer that.

One particular Thursday, Crosby's sponsors had difficulty in arranging for the appearance of a guest star for the following week and they wanted to announce it in advance. Bing told them not to worry, and as he neared the end of his broadcast, he said something like this: "We hope to have Toscha Seidel, the eminent violinist, with us in the Hall next Thursday night and we know he is vacationing somewhere on the coast. My friend Toscha always listens to the program, and so wherever you are Toscha, get on your horse and be in here for the show."

The next morning Bing got a wire from Reno signed by Toscha Seidel. It read, "Coming Up." Seidel had heard the broadcast from a ranch several miles outside Reno. When he got

into town the next morning to send the wire, dozens stopped him on the street and told him they had heard it too.

MUSE AND MEWS, THE COLUMN THAT SOUNDS AWFULLY BRAGGY

I'm skirting the deadline on this thing, and the printer is going Hey! Well aware that today I should have to do some heavy typing, I'd forgotten until a moment ago that it's Jean Harlow's twenty-seventh birthday. To those of us who loved her—and who didn't—Jean might be celebrating quite orthodoxly among the early California flowers. So, happy birthday Jean dear, you and Odd McIntyre were two of the swellest people I never knew.

During "Tovarich" and prior to the appearance of Basil Rathbone, your addled scribe was watching the histrionic honors being neatly divided among the leads, and what leads. Then, when Basil made his entrance, brief as it was, and brief as his ensuing scenes were, the whole picture lay in the palm of his hand. So, there's the unmitigated thrill of seeing Basil top anything he's ever done in any picture. And you'll agree with me, when Basil "tops" his own performance, that's flying right over the penthouses and swashling in the clouds!

Speaking of Basil, and whatta pleasure it is, and his performances, and whatta pleasure they are, The Boss is definitely competent playing The Boss with variations. The thing is: it's quite elementary to play yourself, but to do it without tiring your public! And we've never yet seen anyone walk out from a Crosby Cinematic Concatenation unless they'd seen it twenty times straight and were rawther weary o' sittin'!

To those people who wonder if they belong to a Crosby Club or *What*, with the accent on the what, we can only say that we're tripping and truckin' along in the trackmarks of The Boss. The Kraft Cheesic Howl gains zest and amusement from the various, kindred, and heterogeneous assortments of good-natured guests frequenting the microphones therein (if Chet Morris hasn't made the mikes disappear) and we're only hupping that the law of averages or something will likewise paprika-pup the sometimes comatose Bingang. We hupp. A little swing right here, Goodman; Kit Connell, Dot Tallerday, and Lynne take Tschaikovsky in solitary grandeur in the poudre room.

Sign for a lard factory: keep off the grease.

Elsewhere in this issue, keep lookin', you will find lines from Mrs. Gene Raymond who writes those lines on some of the smoothest stationery my covetous eyes have ever coveted. And from Sylvia Grogg, her secretary, on the ditto stationery my ditto eyes have ever dittoed. When I was a little kid and face-to-face with the fact that, barring a miracle, I should never be beautiful, I was hopeful (in fact, down-right sure) I'd wake up some morning, preferably Christmas, with a singing voice. Well, the alarm clock

is no longer My Best Friend, but Jeanette's must have been a peach! For there's That Voice, That Acting, and That Sense of Humor, all belonging to a luffly prima-donna. The light touch here, and don't let me rave, much as I want to.

We occasionally chortle over those beauty hints emanating from Hollywood. Without being sarcastic—the canDid camera can Do! and eyelashes like the fringe of a carpet, tisk!

Ask, "whozit who likes double features," and from the gallery comes the voice of one Miss Cel Lynneous, who sez by d'bl features she escapes the nightmarish sets masquerading as splendor, deafening music, and mile upon mile of streamlined vaudeville acts just not funny. Now, and isn't there always a now, why don't producers spend just a bit more time on their smaller pictures rather than allowing such tremendously elastic budgets on "A's" which are eventually scissored down anyhow? An "A" that slips is worth an eyebrow arch, but a "B" that "A's" is a pleasure. Even so?

By this time, we'll know if Errol does or doesn't wear a chin brush in "Robin Hood." Bets have lined up at the two dollar window at Del Marstash.

Cel, our Laugh Rose of Summer, has decided that the swingo Bing speaks is definitely "smother tongue." And the absolutely horstest de oeuvres crack that Sell the Seal made was the one about Big-Wigs with small toupees! And couldn't the X-Ray of a crook be dubbed a **double-cross** sectional view? We'll thtop before you thtop us!

Lynne just ambled up from an orchicharnya fest with Disputin' the Rushin' Monk and begs to say however foggily, that Mischa Auer is very feenished in person and so's Benny Goodman. For clarification, elucidation, road maps and deep-well drinking water, visit Detroit.

Cel still thinks Stewart's are better'n' one, for which plug on Jimmy we drag out an old, old, pun, rinse it in Chase and Sanborn coffee (plug for Nelson), rub it with Vicks (that's for Jeanette), so it won't catch cold, and present it as new. Crosby's "plug" will come in around Cheestertime.

The gosh-you're-a-crab-note-of-the-month: Just wishin' that someone would take the sorrowing Kathleen home for good, and do something about Danny-boy—hang him in the morning, a la Danny Deeever, yay!

Well, climb on the water-Wagner if you're not Bizet, don't say we warned you, and remember that life's greatest tragedy is the murder of a beautiful theory by a gang of brutal facts.

Here's a story you can almost "heard tell," especially since one set of schmaltz is so familiar. Herman Bing sent this himself, so we believe it. Set: Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. Director, Ernst Lubitsch, whose accent is indescribably thick, trying to direct Herman, whose accent is even thicker. Herman had to speak a line containing the word "certainly," and Lubitsch wanted him to speak it without accent. Poor Herman—he tried his best, but it came

out full of Teutonic Static. And Lubitsch grew impatient. "!!!!:?! it!" he shouted, after disapproving of the fourth take, "Herman, you shouldt quivt saying 'zertinly'—say ZERTINLY!"

POSTE RESTANTE

FLORENCE GEORGE

Congratulations on issuing one of the most interesting magazines, "Bingang." It gave me so much pleasure reading it, and I thank you for remembering me. You girls are doing wonderful work, and I can imagine how proud Bing must be of you. (He won't talk, Florence, and we're not long enough to eavesdrop.)

"College Swing" is finished at last, and will be released very soon. You may be sure I shall let you know the exact date of its release so that you will know when to expect it at your local theatre. It was so much fun working in it, although somewhat strenuous.

BASIL RATHBONE

Thank you so much for your letter about "Tovarich." I am happy you feel about it as you do, as I like to think of it as the best thing I have done on the screen.

"Robin Hood" is to be released in April, and it looks like it will be a very good picture. Of course, not along the lines of "Tovarich." It is spectacular and in color, and I think it will provide very good entertainment.

I see quite a good deal of Bing at the race course, but I don't notice many of his horses coming in!! (us neither, Basil—nor Bob Burns, nor anyone—three sneers for Tea Bisquick and Del Mar.) We are having a divine winter, and I shall be very sad when the racing season closes in about two weeks.

LANNY ROSS

Thank you very much for sending me the Christmas Edition of "Bingang." I'm sorry not to have written you before, but no doubt you can understand how the holiday rush interferes with correspondence.

You certainly are getting out a splendid publication: one of which all the members can be justly proud. All good wishes for many more successful years.

SYLVIA GROGG

Miss MacDonald is pleased to accept an honorary membership in THE CLUB CROSBY . . . wishing you success and progress with your fine club.

Miss MacDonald is a Crosby fan herself—she thinks Bing is a fine fellow and a great exponent of his delightful type of singing.

ERROL FLYNN

Thank you for sending me a copy of "Bingang." I read it

from cover to cover and enjoyed it in its entirety.

I hope to receive many more. (Sure thing, Robin Hood, we're training a special detail pigeon for to-and-fro-ing from the Sirocco.)

MICHAEL WHALEN

Thanks for the swell Christmas issue of "Bingang" and for the boost. I sincerely appreciate being one of your Crosby gang. Just to show you how "Bingang" minded I am, I learned yesterday that I wrote to the president of the Dick Powell fan club and thanked her for her splendid issue of "Bingang." (Whoops!)

I recently completed the pictures "Walking Down Broadway" and "Change of Heart." Will begin "Island in the Sky" in a day or so. (Fascinating titles, Mike. Someone must have been masticatin' Kraft when they dreamed up those honeys. We'll see 'em all.)

JEANETTE MACDONALD

I particularly like the light and cheerful vein of the "Bingang" copies. You are to be congratulated upon the talent of your contributors. It is unquestionably an outstanding magazine and credit must be given to the members as well as the editors.

Splendid work . . . I'm proud to be a member of your progressive Club.

Greetings to Bing and all of you.

RONALD REAGAN

Thank you very much for your letter and the copy of "Bingang" which I have certainly enjoyed reading.

You ask me to tell you what I think of Bing . . . while I've not had the pleasure of meeting him personally. I have, however, met some of his friends—Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh (Oh, Jean Betty Huber! C'm'here!) and others who speak very highly of him. I think he must be a grand fellow, and I'm looking forward to meeting him one of these days.

Yes, you're right, I was known as "Dutch" while sports announcer over W.H.Q. in Des Moines. I still like the name better than the handle my parents gave me. (Uh huh, and where's little Harry Lillis Crosby today?)

MISS GROGG, encore

May I add my thanks too, for sending the copies of your zestful magazine. Will look forward to receiving the new issue, so please don't forget us.

I think your Club shows a splendid spirit of cooperation and never loses sight of the fact that a Fan Club is supposed to be for the enjoyment and entertainment (kids, are you enjoying and entertained?) of its members. The paper reflects the gay spirit of the artist for whom it was founded, and after all, that is what a Club paper is supposed to do. I am sure Bing must be very proud of it. (Someday, we'll MAKE him talk!) My compliments and best wishes.

THINGS & STUFF CROSBY

Radio's current rage is for verbosity. Bing's nonchalant delivery of choice idioms has set a style in ether entertainment comparable to the smart legitimate concoctions of Noel Coward. The chief point of difference is that the characters in the Coward plays try to impress all and sundry with their sophistication, whilst Messrs. Crosby & Burns amble along with tongue-in-cheek and bend their efforts to taking their sophisticated guests down a peg with a barrel or two of verbiage.

The dialog of the air show, from the pen of Carroll Carroll is replete with bon mots, persiflage, bright banter and downright delightful gab. Carroll, we are told, is an unassuming chap, in evidence only when some of his verbal gems seem insurmountable hurdles for members of the cast. However, if the bobbling of a phrase or the mispronunciation of a word brings a laugh at rehearsal, the mistake is kept in the script.

It was the Sage of Van Buren who gave it a name, when he said, "That ain't English, that's a language called Crosby."

The essence of it is hard to describe except in terms of itself. The language called "Crosby" is "in the groove." It's the "full treatment." It's slightly "stationhouse." It is not "tall millinery" or "corny." It's—just Crosby.

"CHAT"

S'funny, these diff ideas of art and dignity, or should I say, Art? To me, an artist is quite human . . . if you're beeg enuf to compose, write, or sing, and still act like the rest o' us . . . that's grand. After all, just because y'happen to have talent or position, surely you'd live a normal life otherwise . . . many people have talent, but through circumstance it goes undeveloped, although scarcely unmissed, 'specially if you yearn to sing, and sound like a chicken . . . Would you lose your sensa yuma, your love of ordinary things, if you suddenly found yourself a celeb? Oh, well . . . I just finished reading some of the pros and cons in Hollywood fan mags . . . Fans certainly speak their minds, too often with a lamentable lack of authority . . . sometimes I think we overstep . . . sometimes we'll "pan" a person, not because we really dislike them . . . but merely to build up someone else. Often that reverses the original intent. Did you ever find that out . . . I have, to my sorrow. Y'know, if I like someone, I say all good things about them, but I've learned never to compare their virtues with another's faults, because oh, oh, d'you ever end up uneven . . . there is nothing quite so ridiculous as passionate fury against someone we've seen but on the screen and know only as a screen-shadow . . . Thinking about it, never do hear anything about this fellow Bing 'cept the best—Oh yes—I forgot his **horses!** Wellll—who cares, Spring is jus' around the corner, I'm going to chase it, and mebbe I'll drop in on Dr. Rhythm 'n' have my heart examined.

Dorothy Tallerday.

From, "RADIO'S MOST THRILLING MEN"

An interview Jeanette MacDonald once gave in "Radio Stars." "—and love," said Jeanette, "should be soothing as well as thrilling."

Miss MacDonald had been asked such questions as: "Which ones—among the men on the air—do you think flutter feminine hearts the most? Which ones sing the love songs the most touchingly? How much has the sound of the voice to do with love, d'you think? Have you ever been disappointed when you have met the possessor of a thrilling male voice face to face?"

So Jeanette went to bat for those singers you and I know so well, until we come to a paragraph contrasting Nelson Eddy and Bing. Here 'tis: "When Nelson broadcasts, the radio fans feel I think, that they are listening to a professional performance; they feel that the star is singing to the audiences all over the country. But when Bing sings . . . you feel that he is singing not to an audience, but to you . . . and me . . . each one who listens feels that the song is for their enjoyment alone. Nelson is magnificent but unattainable. Bing is folksy. Nelson is the hero whose chariot thunders around the moon. Bing is the boy next door who stops for you in his Fliv. Girls look at Bing and they think of their George. Perhaps they've been wishing that George's hair might be dark and sleek. But Bing's hair is just American-colored hair like—well—George's. They've been thinking critically, that George's eyes were too pale, too blue. Well, but Bing's eyes are pale and blue too. By the time they get through, George has had quite a build-up. They feel a good deal more satisfied with George. George might be very much like Bing—if George could only sing. But after all, they can always listen to Bing singing, so it's all right.

It is the sound, that throaty, peculiar little something in Bing's voice which has netted and snared the feminine hearts of the world. It is something masterful and tender and grave and stern in Nelson's voice which has accomplished the same thing, in his way . . . there has never been a feminine Bing Crosby. I doubt if there ever will be."

Thus, Jeanette. I have omitted much of her interview for various reasons. In this, she mentioned her own desire to have a radio program. She adds she wants to be informal and friendly, too. I think she has succeeded. Don't you?

We learn with relief and pleasure that Ken Carpenter stays on at K.M.H. Oxford will struggle along. There will be no (Bell) yank at Oxford. Ring out, wild chimes! With husky intonations tremolo and vibrato, Doctor Crosby lured Ken back into the Fold. We are glad. Magnificently.